

The Woman's Page of The Times-Dispatch

The Garden of Life and The Lesson of the Dial

"Life is a shadow, soon 'tis night. Look thou to God, thy sun of Light." So ran the adage on an ancient dial in an old-fashioned garden where the beds were prim and square, where box borders scented all the air with their pungent fragrance, and red, climbing roses swung in a mad riot of color around the high wall which shut out the garden from the common gaze of passersby.

A straitly ordered garden, with rows where spicy clove pinks unfolded, where sentinel-like hollyhocks flaunted their varicolored blossoms, told a tale of some little mistress, who watched their planting and their budding on a happy day long gone by, and standing amidst the glow of crimson poppy flowers, wondered why in the thrill of so much brightness and joy life could ever pass like a swiftly moving shadow to end in night.

The Tale of Years
A tale of years since then has been told. Out of the shadow and into the sun the feet of the little mistress went straying, and the tears of those who mourned her have long since forgotten to flow.

But in the garden of her love her portrait is painted by the flowers who tended. It shows her as dainty and as sweet as the mignonette fringing her borders, as full of allurements as her roses, as straight and slender as her hollyhocks, holding in her gentle maidenly reserve the mystery of her people, as graceful as the pendant locust blossoms, beneath whose scented arches she passed betimes to the tending or the gathering of her posies.

The Breath of Her Presence.

Where the sunlight is flung and caught across the lichen-stained face of the dial, the breath of her Presence still sits in musing mood. Along the quiet paths, with their green box walls, her light steps linger, pausing beside the foxglove bells and setting their chiming a-ringing with the caress of the light kiss she leaves. An elusive, intangible ghost, her passing around the beds where her flowers are upspringing is as light as thistledown or as the fragrant breeze at whose whisper the roses open to show the gold at their passionate hearts. A murmur awakes in the branches of the locust, and the popples bow their heads, as if to greet her return across the gulf of silence to a companionship that erstwhile she and they held so dear.

"Life is a shadow." But it was, notwithstanding, a kind life to the little mistress who once stood beside the dial and deciphered its lesson. When the shadows deepened around her, the sun of Light pierced through, and the night was not dark because of its shining on her way until the new morning broke, irradiated forever with the splendor of the smile of God.

The Garden's Symbol.

The garden is the abode of Life, and the dial always holds on its ancient face lines of wisdom for the human heart to ponder. If existence is a shadow, it passes as quickly. Its moments are precious. The dancing lights come and go, then flicker out in swift eclipse. But if the lesson of the dial has been fully learned, faith can look behind the still dark barrier and find light and love, undimmed and unwavering, in fullest resurrection.

"Son, 'tis night," says the dial. There is no time to throw away in thoughtless squandering. Each moment should unlock a higher door through which the soul may pass from lower to greater levels, until the topmost portal is reached. Look thou to God, the legend runs. So true it is that, unaided, the footsteps of humanity falter before a dim portal and, fearful of what has been achieved, fear to pass beyond it.

To Plant as She Planted.

The miniature of the little mistress is framed for remembrance by the beauty and fragrance of flowers upspringing under a gentle tendance in her garden of life. It is the privilege of all to plant as she planted, to leave a memory like hers limned in life's garden borders and hedges, in its mignonette and its roses, in its color and its perfume, awakening at the blossom of a flower or the hue on a petal, the sighing of a breeze or the dancing of a morning sunbeam.

VIRGINIA WESTOVER.

Elaborate Buttons.

Buttons will play an important part in my lady's wardrobe this fall. Manufacturers are turning out the most wonderful works of art. Buttons covered with the material of the dress or suit, bone buttons harmonizing in color, brass, steel, jet and numerous fancy, penwork metal buttons, are to be used extensively. Sometimes buttons will be the only trimming used, and both large and small ones will be seen on the gown. Other effective trimmings are pipings, cordings and bands of contrasting color and material. Pippings of Persian silk are especially smart. Metal and beaded fringe are seen on handsome gowns.

September.
Lo, a ripe sheaf of many golden days. Gleaned by the year in autumn's harvest.

With here and there, blood tinted as an amber.
Some crimson poppy of a late delight. Adorning its splendor for the flight.

Of summer blooms and joys . . . this is September.

—New Idea Woman's Magazine for September.

List of Eye Don'ts.

Cut out the following list of "eye don'ts" and pin them up in your bedrooms where you can readily see them each day:

- Don't read, facing a light.
- Don't read while you rock.
- Don't work in a poor light.
- Don't write or read or sew lying down.
- Don't try to enlarge or brighten your eyes by dropping belladonna into them.
- Don't rub your eyes.
- Don't use your eyes when they smart and water.
- Don't tax them when you are exhausted physically.
- Don't forget that eyes need to be rested.
- Don't forget that happy thoughts make the eyes sparkle and glow in a most fascinating way.

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NEW LINES IN COATS AND SKIRTS FOR FALL.

—L'ART DE LA MODE.

Newest Colors and Weaves

Says the New Idea Magazine for September in regard to the favored fall fabrics:

Panne cloth comes in the newest colors—such for instance, as raven-wing blue, snuff brown, tea-leaf green, burgundy, platinum gray, and nearturquoise purple. It comes in black, too, of course, for all of the smart materials are seen in this sombre but fashionable hue.

One-piece dresses for afternoon wear are being made of plain-tone cashmere. The chiffon panamas will also be much used for making up on these lines. These fabrics—for there are several varieties—are to be had this season in very fine and soft weaves and are very desirable for general wear. Braided with silk soutache or rat-tail design, such dresses are attractive and practical.

The rough-weave fabrics are chiefly intended for development in two-piece suits and in separate skirts and coats; for notwithstanding the popularity of the one-piece dress, every woman must have at least one suit in her wardrobe. Basket-weave, hop-sacking, homespun, camel's hair, zibeline and boucle cloths will be extremely fashionable for suit purposes, as also will the serge, both plain and fancy weaves, English wincey, mannish effects in worsteds and corduroy.

The September Delineator is authority for the statement that almost all coats at present are lined with silk or satin of another color, and the contrast between the two is made as marked as possible.

It is only one of the small straws that show which way the sartorial breeze is blowing in regard to the old-fashioned color idea that has been so easily overworked during the last three or four years. However, we are getting away from it very rapidly and it is used in few smart toilettes at present. Instead, one sees on every side gowns made of a changeable two-toned material—rather subdued color generally—on a chiffon of one color veiling a silk or satin of another, and almost always a third color—something vivid pronounced, striking—will be used for the girdle, hat and parasol. Really, one finds it an immense relief.

NOT ALL WOMEN ARE RAINBOW CHASERS

When the big things lift a woman from the realm of the ordinary into the extraordinary, her nature rouses itself in answer to the demand upon it. But neither the requirements of life nor her inclinations render her lingering outside of her normal sphere of feeling and action a desirable thing.

After the demand extraordinary ceases, not all women are rainbow chasers. Many of them are content with the ordinary. But every woman who orders her life aright may accomplish, what she desired or planned, perhaps, but "what she could." There is never an impossible and losing heart over it. But to be a simple, normal woman is to achieve a great success, because such a woman is a vital exemplification of the value of simple things, their meaning and their power.

Considered as Narrow.

A woman who leads a simple life nowadays must be inevitably considered as narrow. But, on the other hand, many women living in the very heart of things, weary of their monotonous round, a child's kiss upon the cheek, little joys of living and loving, little daily cares, all seemingly incoherent when taken singly, are linked together in a chain that stretches from the cradle to the grave, and women, in the summing up of these little things, should understand them as forming in the aggregate the real blessings of life.

Cool Drinks for Hot Days.

A Temperance Fruit Cup—Mix together the juice of five lemons and five oranges, one pint of strawberry syrup and one bottle pineapple syrup. Make a syrup of one cupful of water, one cupful of rather strong tea and two cupfuls of sugar. When cold add to the fruit mixture a bottle of sparkling and enough plain cold water to make a gallon and a half of liquid. It desired to serve from punch bowl, add one-half pint of cherries, a quarter cupful orange peel, two or three red bananas sliced and a half-pound of Muscatel grapes cut in halves.

Grape Cup—Crush three pounds of Concord grapes, add six whole

cloves and scant cupful of sugar, the juice of four oranges with a little grated rind and a few sprigs of lemon verbena. Chill and ripen for a couple of hours. Then just before using, press through a sieve. Add a pint of fermented grape juice or a half-cupful of "pek-mex" that has been dissolved in a little hot water and cooled, a pint of seltzer and the stillly whipped whites of three eggs. Turn into a glass pitcher with pounded ice to chill and serve in glasses.

Pineapple Punch—Take two oranges and one lemon; slice them very thin, cut in dice five slices of pineapple, add one-half a cupful of sugar and a pint of cold water, place in a fancy bowl and add a cupful of shaved ice. Stir well to dissolve the sugar, and then add a few preserved cherries, a few slices of oranges and lemon, and enough more cold water to suit the taste.—New Idea Woman's Magazine for September.

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For the Breakfast Table

Always flowers for a breakfast table are told. But flowers, especially in winter, are sometimes impossible every morning. In that case keep a small fern pot supplied with one of the delicate table ferns that may be purchased for eight or ten cents, and that will live, if watered daily, for weeks. Or start, in October, Chinese lilies in a bowl containing pebbles and water, and their green will delight the eye until their full blooming about New Year's Day. Hyacinth bulbs may be started in water in glasses, and will bloom quickly and last well. Now and then, when one has violets, try putting them into a tall glass compote dish, instead of into the conventional vase. The shallow bowl seems just suited to them.

What the Trouble Is.

Orison Sweet Maarden, moralizing in Success Magazine, says:

The trouble with us is that we live too much in the material side of life, and not enough in the ideal. We should learn to live mentally in the ideal which we wish to make real. If we wish to keep young, for example, we should live in the mental state of youth; to be beautiful, we should live in a mental state of beauty.

The advantage of living in the ideal is that all imperfections, physical, mental and moral, are eliminated. We cannot see old age because old age is incompleteness, decrepitude, and these qualities cannot exist in the ideal.

In the ideal, everything is youthful and beautiful; there is no suggestion of decay, of ugliness. The habit of living in the ideal, therefore, helps us wonderfully because it gives a perpetual pattern of the perfection for which we are striving. Living much in the ideal increases hope and faith in our ultimate perfection and divinity, because in our vision we see glimpses of the reality which we instinctively feel must sometime, somewhere, be ours. The ideal is not a mere fantasy of the imagination; it is a foretelling of what should come true.

One of the Rarest and Divinest of Womanly Gifts

In comparatively few women is found the gift of a perfect understanding, a gift enriching the voice of its possessor with an emotion that thrills alike the ear and the heart, that lends to the throat of the singer a note interpreting passion, quivering with the love of something outside of itself, and awakening an answering echo, involuntary and immediate.

Understanding belongs exclusively neither to youth nor to age, but to the child, the woman in the first flush of maternity, to her whom she may be traversing the level monotony of middle age, or when she has won to the haven of three score years and ten.

It comes independently of years or experience. Like genius, it is breath of the divine and is no respecter of persons or conditions.

It sometimes shines in eyes so innocent and girlish, that along with the joy it brings is born a grief that knowledge should have power to dim anything so radiant and so free from sorrow of earth.

It lends a grace and charm to womanhood, on whose shoulders the burden of years has pressed cruelly; to hearts that know their own loneliness and yet are brimming over with the sympathy of healing for others.

It lends an added benediction to that peace which is the crown of old age and bridges the chasm across which Age looks back with a smile toward Youth standing with clasped hands on the farther side.

THE PASSER-BY.

Women Can Play It They Will.
Erman J. Ridgeway gives women the reasons why they should play in the Delineator for September. He says to them:

There are a hundred ways a woman can play and have more real fun than when she was a girl, and she ought to do it if she does not. Some women do. Their lives are full of a succession of deep joys, and they shirk no responsibility, either. Their deepest joys come in fulfilling responsibilities. So often our feelings depend entirely on our own attitude.

But there are women bound to the wheel who seem unable to break the hands. For them I am writing. Break away!

Get far enough away, and stay away long enough, to see just what your life was like.

It is well enough to look out for Jack, but don't forget to look out for yourself, and don't let Jack forget to look out for you.

Now, what would you like to do this August?

Very well, do it.

You can't?

Nonsense! Why can't you?

Money?

Borrow it.

What? Borrow money to play with?

Certainly, the fact that you are scandalized at the thought is a sure sign you ought to do it. You are setting too much store by money. Blow some of it just to show you are still boss.

Go back to the old home of your youth. There is nothing that helps you to drop off the years like that. Look up the boys and girls, and talk over old times. Hunt up the nooks and haunts, and live over some of the dear times.

You will come back to your work with a new zest. But you can't get away? I know you would say that. One of those indispensable folks, I suppose. Why can't you get away? Can't leave the children? If they are very young you can, or if they are well along. But if you don't feel like leaving them, take them along. The whole bunch? Certainly. Can't leave Jack? Take him along, too, if you must be such a baby about him, but if he is one of that regular, dependable, always-at-home kind, you'd better go without him. You see enough of him.

But the dog, and the cat, and the horse, and the cow, and the chickens, and the lawn, and the house, and

Hold on! Leave the whole business with the neighbors. You wouldn't presume?

It isn't presumption. That's what neighbors are for, and dear lady, if your life has counted at all in the community in which you live, you have a host of neighbors who are just wishing for a chance to do something for you just waiting to be asked. There is a lot of neighborliness going to waste because people are fairly proud.

How to Start the Day.

When arranging for the first meal of the day, why serve breakfast in the dining-room invariably? Why not choose, in winter, a table before a window, through which the morning sun is streaming, or a table drawn before a fireplace, if one is fortunate enough to have one, at least the brightest and cheeriest spot in the house. And in summer, always, that window through which the coolest breeze is creeping, unless one has an outdoor veranda that may be used for breakfast.

What matter if the living-room or the den or the library be the length of a hall removed from the kitchen? A large tray will carry all the persons should consume, and the delight of the movable feast is worth considering, as well as the intimate charm of the smaller breakfast-table.

Little, or a delicate design in green and white makes a cool-looking, inviting table. On a fumed oak table with natural linen or crash doilies, either will give a delightful effect.—The Delineator for September.

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